

RENT-A-BAND

A king in his kingdom of smoke and alcohol
Connoisseur of nasty jokes and second hand rock'n roll
Your pretext to reign your moment to shine
Throw some weight around pay back the dime

No live karaoke no human jukebox
You'll get no quarter back with your dollar in the slot
You can't just dismiss us with a wave of the hand
We are not your property
We are no rent-a-band

It's overcooked spaghetti or ham sandwich time
Just 2 tickets for drinks and we'll walk the line
But we're not the ones who drink your profits away
Just look in the mirror Mr Whiskey café

We've still got integrity, we've still got our souls
We still hold the cards and we're not ready to fold
We're calling our own shots and I'll tell you this
I'm spreading the word, and your name is on the list.

We're here to entertain but I'm not your doll
We may run or walk away but honey I won't crawl
There are more waiting in line and we won't be missed
So show someone else your ring to kiss